More than Sisters

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/43899156.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	RWBY
Characters:	Ruby Rose (RWBY), Yang Xiao Long, Blake Belladonna, Weiss Schnee
Additional Tags:	Unbirth, Dubious Ethics, Weiss Schee has no Sense of Right and Wrong!, Lactation, Age Regression/De-Aging, Transformation, Body Modification, Pregnancy, Future Fic
Language:	English
Series:	Part 14 of Reader Commissions
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-28 Words: 6,529 Chapters: 1/1

More than Sisters

by DeadWriterShin

Summary

(Contains Unbirth) Ruby happily agrees to participate in a medical experiment for her old friend Weiss, though Yang soon discovers that there was a lot of fine print that Ruby didn't bother to read beforehand. It turns out that Ruby is going to become Yang's mother for a short spell of time - and she isn't happy about it.

Yang had to wonder why she had agreed to go along with Ruby and Weiss on this.

Not that she was above helping one of her friends and former colleagues – but to participate in a medical trial was a little outside of her usual wheelhouse. After the threat of the Grimm was blunted, Weiss had used her business acumen and clout to start a successful research and development company. She'd been rather generous at spreading some of the benefits to her friends since then.

Yang didn't expect to be roped into a test as payback. According to Weiss it was because she was very close with Ruby, both genetically and emotionally. Ruby was always over-eager to help out her friends, and agreed to it without really asking for too many details. A few days later a mysterious box had been delivered to their doorstep. Contained inside was a temperature-controlled delivery device, a camera, and a notebook printed with various forms that were intended for them to record how they were feeling.

Ruby was so excited that she was shaking in her boots. Even though she had increasingly come to resemble her deceased mother, she still acted exactly the same as she always had. She hefted the cooler from the crate and slammed it down on the kitchen table, while Yang took the other objects for herself.

"I can't believe you forced me into this," Yang whined.

"Weiss said that this is an amazing new medicine that can allow one person to 'support' another!"

"Like, using your aura?"

Ruby didn't actually know – a lot of the big, complicated words that Weiss used were new to her; "Maybe? Anyway, she said that it could help a lot of people who suffer from serious injuries, so I thought it'd be a good idea to help her out with a medical trial."

"Trials are usually done under supervision."

"They said it's easy and safe enough to do without them. If we have any problems, we can call them at any time and ask for help." Ruby unlatched the top of the cooler and revealed the contents. A pair of plunger devices filled with a green liquid emerged, held within a small plastic stabiliser. Each syringe was marked with one of their names.

"This one's for me, and this one is for you!"

Each one also came with a small paper pamphlet taped to the side. The instructions were very simple, demonstrating the method and location as to where the sisters were intended to inject themselves. Yang had to press it into her belly button, while Ruby's was located below in her pubic area. It elicited a wince from the uptight brawler.

"Weiss really has it out for us…"

Ruby wasn't scared of needles. Without consideration for the potential risks or side effects, she happily shoved it down her loose-fitting shorts and pressed it into her skin. She gritted her teeth and pressed down on the plunger. Fear or no, the sensation of liquid flowing into somewhere it shouldn't always made her skin break out in bumps.

And Yang was usually the impulsive one! The bombshell blonde decided to show solidarity with her half-sibling and did as the card demanded. Another dosage of the liquid slid into her body through her navel, something which she found extremely unpleasant. The needles were then returned to the case from which they came to be disposed of later.

"I'll keep the diary for us. Make sure to tell me if something changes!" Ruby smiled.

"And what are we supposed to do exactly?"

"Weiss just said that we should stay close together for a few days. So, we're staying in the house until whatever it is actually happens." Staying close to each other meant that they couldn't do much – but Yang was more than happy to lounge around the house for days on end without doing anything in particular. She returned to her perch on the living room couch and got comfortable while watching the news.

A few hours after the injection, Yang started to notice that something wasn't right.

Yang was always the type to live free and easy, but it was very rare indeed for Ruby to see her sister stripped down into nothing but her underwear. Her large chest heaved as drops of sweat rolled down her skin. It was strange. The weather was temperate, and the inside of their shared home was well regulated by a heating system.

"What's wrong, Yang?"

Yang fanned her face and huffed, "I don't know! It's crazy hot in here for some reason."

Ruby's first thought was that it was a reaction to the injection, thinking back to when they received several immunisations for common diseases that huntsmen were known to catch. Yang was the only member of the team to suffer from any side-effects. In much the same way, she caught a fever and was predisposed for a few days.

Ruby patted her sister on the shoulder, "I'm sure it's just a fever, Yang. Maybe you should take a shower?"

"Heh. I'll just sweat myself stupid again in no time."

The conversation was disrupted by Ruby's stomach growling louder than any Grimm. She blushed and shared a knowing look with Yang, "I'm hungry. Like, really hungry!"

Yang nodded; "Me too."

This wasn't the usual midday dash to the kitchen. Ruby felt like she hadn't eaten in days – even though she had enjoyed the usual serving for breakfast. It was like a ball of acid was eating her from the inside. She could even feel the strength in her body weakening as she

walked over to the fridge. Ruby had stocked up on everything they could possibly need for the next month, but even that didn't look like enough to satiate her.

Ruby resisted the urge to pile several different foodstuffs onto her plate and chow down. If by chance it was nothing more than a passing urge or an upset stomach, she didn't want to force herself back out for another shopping trip without good reason. She instead put together a more modest plate for her and Yang.

As they ate, Ruby couldn't keep her eyes off of Yang's body. She was sweating something terrible. There was a large patch of moisture on the couch where she had been sitting. While the perfectly preserved outline of her large thighs and butt was amusing, it did also come with no small amount of concern. They ate in silence until everything was done.

"I feel a little better," Ruby muttered.

In fact, she almost felt bloated instead. Unbeknownst to her the first steps of the process were beginning. Both her and Yang's bodies were adjusting to the necessary state. As she considered the conflicting feelings of hunger and fullness, Ruby's previously unused womb was going through a stark transformation. It dilated rapidly and started to bloat outwards in a 'phantom' pregnancy. If Ruby had been a little more patient in holding the growing bump, she would have noticed it growing at a perceptible rate.

But alas, the sisters continued to relax until the next day.

When Yang awoke the following morning, she immediately knew that something was strange. Ruby always preferred to get up early so she could use the shower first, and she was usually done with it before Yang got up for her turn. She could still hear the water running from across the hall. Her bleary eyes focused on the holographic clock resting against her nightstand. It was her usual morning time of eight o' clock sharp.

"Gah!"

Yang swung her legs off the edge of her bed. What was keeping Ruby so busy in the bathroom? Her competitive spirit kicked in and she decided to tease her sibling a little. Yang quickly unhooked her bra and tossed it onto the pile of other dirty clothes at the foot of her bed. Her underwear soon suffered the same careless fate. Yang felt the feverish heat again, unabated by her nudity. Crossing the hall and knocking on the bathroom door – Yang received no response.

"Are you okay in there, Ruby?"

The sounds she was making were concerning. Yang opened the door and stepped inside. The cool tiles were a great relief to her overheated soles. She creeped up on the silhouette that could be seen through the steamed glass panel. Yang would usually try to scare Ruby and tease her about her newly developed body, but sisterly concern won the day.

Ruby let out another pained groan, which morphed into a loud gasp. Yang did not notice the strange stance which Ruby was standing in, or the long, flexible tether that was held between

her quivering palms. Ruby had only intended to take a quick shower and file her first entry into the diary. The large bulge around her womb had only grown in size overnight. That worry was supplanted as Ruby was forced to double over as a strange convulsing pain travelled up and down her legs.

It hurt, and she couldn't stop herself from forcing whatever it was out of her vaginal opening. It took a surprising amount of effort. What Ruby was rewarded with shocked her into silence. The long, fleshy tube that escaped from her vagina was unmistakably an umbilical cord - one that was not connected to anything.

A stroke of chance. Yang pulled on the edge of the glass divider and swung it open with her arms held wide. Ruby felt an unseen force, almost like that of an aura, pull on the cord without her control.

"Ruby, what the hell is that?"

Ruby stammered, "Y-Yang?! Why are you here?"

The nude blonde crossed her arms with a frown; "I heard you making some weird noises. Are you okay?"

Ruby didn't know what to say. She looked back down to the cord in sullen silence. Yang wanted to get a closer look. She stepped into the shower and allowed some of the water to splash down her back. This was no prank. What Ruby was holding was real flesh and blood. Yang put her hands on Ruby's shoulders and turned her towards a clearer angle. What happened next was even stranger. The cord, moving under its own power, wriggled out of Ruby's hands and latched onto Yang's navel! It was surprisingly quick for a piece of flaccid tissue.

The unused connection was quickly brought back to life as an advanced process melded the tissues together. A significant biological change was being undertaken within Yang and Ruby's bodies, but they were ignorant as to the true extent of it. Soon – the umbilical cord would be fully functioning, and it would provide Yang with everything she needed to survive without requiring her to do it herself.

"W-Woah! What's going on?" Yang cried. A sharp pinching in her stomach made it clear that the cord was doing something to her. She reached down and tried to gently pry it away from her six pack abs, but it had somehow integrated itself into her flesh in an instant. It was slimy, it was gross. Yang averted her eyes and tried not to focus on it.

"Wait a second, Yang! Don't pull on it like that!"

She threw her arms up, "Well what the hell are we supposed to do?"

"I don't know! Let's… call Weiss, she should know, right?"

The sisters left the shower and found clothes to make themselves decent for a video call with Weiss, taking extra care to leave an exposed gap for the cord to travel through. They were

forced to sit close together on the couch. Weiss hummed and studied the point of the connection with great interest. “That’s not supposed to happen,” she murmured.

Yang snarked back, “What, this crazy umbilical cord thing?”

Weiss shook her head, “Of course not! You were meant to be the one who was providing for Ruby. Don’t tell me that they mislabelled the syringes.” She was wrought with frustration that such a basic error had occurred on her watch. Someone was going to receive an earful from her for that mistake.

Yang was furious, “Wait a second there, Ice Queen. You’re telling me that this is how it’s supposed to work?”

Weiss quirked her brow; “Yes? I gave Ruby a very thorough explanation of the process before she agreed to it. We’re utilising the regenerative power of the mortal body. The umbilical cord is a natural life support system that allows an incapacitated individual to breathe, eat and rest without their input.”

Ruby swallowed and laughed nervously. She may have misunderstood what Weiss was talking about at the time. Yang was about to pull her hair out with frustration, “How do we get rid of it?”

Weiss waved her hands in a panic, “No, no. Do not try to cut that off yourself – I know exactly what you’re thinking. It caused serious problems during our animal trials. You’ll have to undergo the entire process. It’ll wither and die eventually just like any other umbilical cord.”

“Agh! If I knew that this was going to happen, I wouldn’t have gone along with it.”

“It’s okay Yang! We can get through this as a team!”

“We’re going to have to use the toilet together…”

Ruby’s smile faltered, “It’s going to be… an adjustment. But it’s nothing we haven’t done together before.”

Weiss snapped her fingers and drew their eyes back to the screen, “Fortunately, I don’t believe that this should pose problems for our experiment. Please do record your condition within the diary and using the camera. That footage will be invaluable.”

“Really making your concern known, huh?” Yang droned sarcastically.

Weiss smirked back, “It’s a simple error. Or are you regretting your decision to assist me? The fact of the matter is that there’s nothing you can do now but complete the trial. I am paying you for this, and rather well at that. Sit back and relax for a few weeks. It’ll be over with before you know it.”

Ruby decided to end things there before Yang started arguing; “Thanks, Weiss. We’ll make sure to fill those documents for you!” She reached out and ended the call, delving the room

back into a tense silence. Neither woman could believe the true nature of Weiss' new treatment plan. Connecting someone with an umbilical cord was frankly ridiculous.

"You okay, Ruby?"

She laughed it off, "It gave me a scare, that's for sure. But I'm okay now." Birthing the cord had hurt a little – but nothing so bad as some of the injuries she had received in the line of duty.

Yang groaned and flopped back on the couch. At least her body wasn't melting down anymore. The cord was assisting with temperature regulation. She wanted to ignore Weiss' advice and cut it clean from her body, but her warning stood in stark contrast to her usual smug behaviour. Weiss was telling the truth. Trying to disconnect now would cause more harm than good. She reached down for the remote and turned on the television. Yang was totally stumped for ideas now that she was stuck together with Ruby.

Ruby herself was already filling out some of the reports that Weiss had asked for, describing the odd sensation of giving birth to the cord. Yang couldn't help but glance down at her exposed crotch, which was only protected by a long t-shirt they had found in the back of their closet. They simply couldn't cover it up with a pair of panties. Yang trailed her finger around the area where it connected to her stomach, but never touched the umbilical tether.

Next time, she'd hear Weiss' proposals with her own ears before agreeing to them.

The next few days were a barrage of strange events. Yang had to try and get used to being vaginally connected with her own sister, but the cord came with several caveats that she couldn't adjust to. For one thing, Yang was never hungry. She simply couldn't muster the will to eat or drink anything. Despite that – she never felt protest coming from her stomach for the neglect.

On the other hand, Ruby had to drown herself in food to go through the day. It took them both a long thinking session to realise that Ruby was eating for both of them. Her body was breaking down the nutrients and fluids, and passing them through into Yang's body through the umbilical cord. Therefore, Yang didn't need to eat.

This was what Weiss meant by a natural support system. By turning back the clock on the body's development, one could provide sustenance and protection for another, even if they were incapacitated, comatose or indisposed. It was a walking life support system that didn't require electricity or advanced machinery.

It was brilliant, but Yang found it hard to appreciate when she was standing in front of her own sister sitting on the toilet. Ruby's rapidly swelling placenta did not preclude Yang needing to manage her own excretions just yet, and thus the pair had to make twice the number of trips to the bathroom as they were used to.

Yang and Ruby persevered. Their bond was just as strong as Weiss had claimed. Sisters and allies on the battlefield – years spent travelling on the road together meant that there was no subject too taboo and no act too humiliating to be done or spoken of with the other. Necessity

demanded a level of openness that Weiss could not expect from most others. That was why they were the ideal subjects for her.

Being forced into close proximity with another person was difficult. Aside from using the bathroom, it also meant that they had to go everywhere together. They ate together, bathed together, and even slept together. Yang loved giving attention to her sister, but even this was a little too much for her liking.

It was during one of those shared bathing sessions that Yang started to become very aware of all the ways that Ruby was changing. She had grown a lot from the shy, weedy girl who first arrived at Beacon all those years ago. Unfortunately, her growth had not ascended to the legendary heights of pubescent Yang, who had a pair of boobs that commanded envy from women twice her age and with multiple children under their belts. That all came from her mother's side, and they did have different mothers.

For one thing, her areola were starting to get bigger and the skin around them darker. It was like she was about to start lactating at any moment. The gait of her walk had also changed drastically. The bulging stomach and widened hips force her to swing from side to side, a harsh contrast to her formerly lithe figure. While Ruby was busy lathering herself up with the soap, Yang snuck up and reached around, placing her palm on Ruby's chest. She gave them both an explorative squeeze - eliciting a squeal of protest. Yang's brow furrowed. She squeezed again with more caution. Ruby quieted down. Yang usually followed up her actions with a joke or wisecrack. No such comment was forthcoming.

Yang finally spoke, "Huh, that's weird."

"What is?"

"They feel bigger, somehow."

Ruby placed the soap back down and reached up to do it herself. The heft and volume of the fleshy orbs did feel different. Now that Yang was looking at Ruby and herself, she noted that it wasn't just Ruby who had gotten larger – she had gotten smaller! Yang groped herself in the desperate hope that perhaps she was simply mistaken. Yang, who was very familiar with the feeling of her own body, could not deny that something had changed.

Ruby turned around, carefully unfurling the cord that connected them. Her chest jiggled in a way that it never had before. The smaller girl was downright stacked. It was like Yang's first growth spurt all over again. Seeing it from the other side made Yang acknowledge how silly her teenage body really was at the time. But the harsh truth was that Ruby was nearly bigger than her. Now that was really stretching it.

"Huh – they really are getting bigger!" Ruby gasped, "And you… seem smaller?"

"Argh! I'm going to kill Weiss when I get my hands on her!"

Yang was smaller. It wasn't just her breasts, which had been a long-held source of pride for the party girl, but her hips, legs and height had all started to change too. It was subtle enough

that they only focused on the most obvious part. The part which Yang loved to emphasise with sheer tank-tops and cleavage revealing jackets.

“I can’t believe this! Why the hell are you getting bigger?”

Ruby had an inkling of an idea, but she wanted to call Weiss just to confirm it.

First, they needed to towel off and get decent. The two had fallen into a bad habit of wandering around the house without any panties on, as it obstructed the umbilical cord even further. Yang’s comments had awoken a new self-awareness in Ruby. She stared at herself in the bedroom mirror while Yang dug around for something to wear. She really had changed, and Yang hadn’t mentioned all of those differences in the shower.

The thing that caught Ruby’s attention first was the dark line that had started to develop on the surface of her skin, moving down from her navel towards her pubic area. She really did look like a pregnant woman now. While that didn’t elicit much excitement from Ruby, the more troublesome aspect of the process was her body hair. She wouldn’t go so far as to describe herself as the image of a fertility goddess, but something was happening with her growth. Her hair was usually cropped short, but now it tumbled over the top of her skull in luscious rivulets and bouncy curls. The texture felt better too.

The obstruction caused by her stomach meant that her pubic hair was in a similar state of unrestrained madness. Ruby liked to trim things to keep it tidy, but doing that in front of Yang was going to be tough. She also didn’t like the idea of placing sharp objects near the cord that was escaping from her vagina. Thus, it remained unkempt for the time being. After a careful towelling down and redressing, both girls moved into the living room and entered Weiss’ number into the scroll device. A few seconds later the screen sputtered to life. Weiss reclined casually in her big leather chair.

“Oh, Yang, Ruby. I was just wondering how the experiment was going. I’ve been reading your reports, but talking face to face is much easier.”

Before Ruby could offer any pleasantries, Yang butted her aside and dominated the camera; “Hey, what’s going on here? Why is my body changing?!” She reached up and groped the loose chest area on her formerly tight top. The baggy excess was distressing to Yang, who was used to filling out the front and then some.

Weiss did not display shock at the revelation. She sighed and rubbed her brow, “Again. This would have all been much clearer had Ruby informed me that she didn’t understand my original explanation. This part was much more… evident than the other. The next step of the process is much more drastic. It involves the nurtured being taken into the host's womb, where the natural development of the foetus can repair damage and illness better than any medical device.”

Yang stared, open mouthed.

“Then, once the issue has been fixed – the host will give birth to the patient and a rapid growth process will return you back to your normal age.”

The fact that Weiss was dropping such a bombshell with her usual uncaring tone really ruffled Yang's feathers. What was she talking about? How could she possibly turn her back into a baby? And how was Ruby going to carry a pregnancy without help? When the dust finally settled, Yang could only generate a long stream of intense profanity of which a certain portion was aimed at Weiss herself.

"You should have made sure that Ruby knew what you were talking about, Weiss!"

Weiss slammed her desk, "I know full well how intelligent Ruby is! I presumed that she understood the point of the experiment. We were very clear!"

Ruby meekly offered a compromise; "I'm sorry Yang. This is my fault. I got so wrapped up in helping Weiss that I pretended to follow along and agreed with the plan anyway. You shouldn't get so angry with her."

Yang huffed, "Argh! And what are you thinking with this stuff anyway? Do you seriously expect people to play along with this? They're going to be running for the hills when they hear about this, or taking your crazy butt to court."

Weiss steepled her fingers and offered a firm rebuttal, "The process violates no laws, and the hypothetical benefits are so great that I have no doubt that people with severe disabilities, missing limbs, or incurable diseases will jump at the chance to undergo it. This could revolutionise medicine as we know it, and in the face of that people's moral concerns will wither under pragmatism."

"Keep telling yourself that."

"I will," Weiss smirked, "Regardless, there is nothing you can do to negate the process now. While it will be challenging, for you there will be no long-term effects. Once Ruby has given birth to you, you will return to being as you were. If that's all there is to say – I have work to do." Yang was wordless. She reached out and hung up without hesitation. The nerve of Weiss to do something like this, and with such a poor attitude too.

Yang couldn't believe it. She wouldn't have believed it if not for the evidence that she could see and feel. She was shrinking and Ruby was growing. The umbilical cord was just the beginning of a long, drawn-out process. Ruby laid a reassuring hand on her shoulder, "Don't worry Yang. I'm sure that everything will turn out just fine."

Over the following days, the gulf between Ruby and Yang continued to widen. Ruby's already uncanny resemblance to her deceased mother became more and more evident as her body prepared itself for a truncated pregnancy. Her breasts swelled, her nipples darkened, her hips widened - and mysterious aches and pains started to appear. Yang had the exact opposite problem. None of her clothes fit anymore. Every two days it seemed that another year had rolled back. Her blooming puberty had repeated in reverse, robbing her of her womanly form and transporting her back to her tens.

The changes to her body weren't the worst thing. Yang couldn't have predicted just how bad the process would be before it happened. Weiss had once again neglected to mention

something very important about the process. Every time Yang looked at Ruby and her beaming, motherly smile, she felt an overpowering urge to refer to her as “Mom.”

She couldn’t begin to describe how humiliating that was. Raven had never been much of a mother to Yang, but Ruby was her little sister. The same sister that she loved to tease, the sister that she had an extremely close bond with. She liked things just the way they were but now her brain was being rewired by a weird medical experiment! Yang sat with her arms crossed and a pout on her face. It was affecting her emotional state too. The situation was annoying her much more than it would have before.

Ruby tried her best to cheer Yang up; “There’s no need to look so glum, Yang.”

“That’s easy for you to say! Look at me! I’m turning into a stupid kid!” She kicked her arms and legs in frustration – but that only made Ruby giggle at her. “Stop laughing at me, Mom!” Yang’s hand shot up and covered her mouth as her face turned a bright crimson. It had slipped out at the worst possible moment.

But Ruby didn’t seem to care, if anything hearing those words made her feel even happier. She reached out and dragged Yang into a suffocating hug, taking extra care to protect the rapidly swelling bump that jutted outwards from her midsection. Yang breathed in the scent of her mother and felt her anger dissipating. Being with her like this made everything feel right.

“Oh, whoops!”

It came to an unfortunate end as she felt her body being pushed away slightly. A pair of growing dark patches had started to leak through Ruby’s t-shirt. She was lactating again. Yang didn’t have any need of the milk thanks to the cord, but her body was transforming into that of a pregnant woman. The hug, the leak, everything about the situation compounded to overwhelm Yang’s resistance all at once.

“I’m sorry, Mom.”

Ruby smiled patiently, “Oh, there’s nothing to apologise for. It’s just something I have to deal with after all.”

Yang clambered down from Ruby’s lap and rested her head against the edge of the couch. Ruby’s vagina was in clear view of Yang’s gaze, but neither made any motion to move or cover it up. They had become acclimatized to a level of casual nudity that transcended the purely sexual elements of such an arrangement. Yang didn’t feel shame – if anything, Ruby’s thick, dark labia and bushy pubic hair were comforting. Yang could remember a time when she found it off-putting, but that soon turned into an unbidden curiosity.

Yang had seen her lower folds on a few occasions, including a day after taking the injection. They were nothing alike now. These were the lips of an experienced mother, someone who had survived the challenges of pregnancy and given birth to a beautiful baby girl. It was reassuring to know that she was connected with *mommy.* That *mommy* would protect her from whatever came to their door. Mommy could handle eating and peeing, and all of the other things that adults did. *Home.* That was what it felt like. Mommy’s wonderful, bushy

garden was her home. Soon they'd be reunited in full, and Yang could wrap herself in Ruby's warmth.

Yang's infantilization only continued to worsen afterwards. The next step of the process was the most drastic. Her ability to process waste had finally come to an end. Yang no longer needed to use the toilet, relying on Ruby's body to process everything for her. Each and every day she grew smaller and more reliant on Ruby for support. Her thought processes became more emotional and childish, and she delved deeper into the fantasy of having a mother who really cared for her. Yang didn't realise it, but it was something that she had always wanted.

Weiss continued to study the recordings and reports she received closely. To her relief, there didn't seem to be anything unexpected developing. That meant that the age of the subjects wasn't as important as she first believed. The time was coming for Ruby to finally accept Yang into her womb. It would be a relief for the newly minted mother – as it would mean that she no longer had to be mindful of where the umbilical cord was.

Weiss' worry was unfounded though. Ruby and Yang had become extremely experienced in manipulating it. Yang's reduced height and age made things even easier, and the needy blonde often demanded to be carried in Ruby's arms as she went about the house. Ruby could feel a strong maternal instinct forming in her mind. Just as Yang had started to perceive her as her mother, Ruby started to imagine that Yang was her real daughter.

She indulged in taking care of Yang in whatever ways she could. She washed her miniature body when they bathed together, hugged her tight when she was being restless in bed, and made sure to hand out as many kisses and pieces of casual skin contact as possible. Ruby found herself wishing that the cord didn't preclude feeding her, and she'd have loved to cook for Yang as well.

When Blake arrived at their front door five days after the second call, she was not prepared for the sight that greeted her. The infant in Ruby's arms was unmistakably Yang, replete with big purple eyes and a messy crop of blonde hair. She babbled nonsense and reached out to the funny stranger who had arrived at their home.

"Weiss really is something special," Blake commented dryly.

"Blake! Thank you so much for coming. Weiss told me that I should get someone to help me, but you were the only person I could call on such short notice."

Blake's ears twitched at the strange way Ruby was speaking; "Uh. No problem. Can I come inside?"

There was a sense of urgency to the visit. Yang was at a pivotal stage of the process, and soon she would revert back to a state that demanded the protection of Ruby's body and womb. A white towel had already been laid out across Ruby's bed. The maternity dress that Ruby was wearing did little to hide the fully-sized pregnant tummy that weighed heavily on her aching bones. Blake couldn't get comfortable with what was happening – but there was little she could do about it but play along.

She helped Ruby onto the bed, facing the ceiling. Ruby reached down and unbuttoned the bottom half of her blouse, receiving some assistance from Blake for the ones she couldn't reach. The full, harsh curve of the stomach overhanging her pubic area became clear to see. Ruby's slit was extremely dilated already. Blake blushed and stepped back so that she could have some privacy.

Ruby cradled Yang to her bosom and prepared for the ordeal. Part of her dreaded being separated from her little girl, but she knew that they'd become even closer by becoming connected in a new way. Ruby's womb had been preparing for this. She needed to surmount this challenge, and surely the sensation of nurturing Yang with her body would be an appropriate reward. She took a deep breath and turned to Blake, "I'm ready."

Blake nodded and stepped up to the plate. Ruby handed Yang over. Blake was mindful of the cord that connected them. She really did look like a new born baby now. It was as if she had regressed even further in the minutes since she had arrived. Soon being outside of the womb would pose a risk to her health.

"Okay, here we go…"

Blake immediately noticed the first issue. The cord was retracting as she attempted to manipulate Yang's body into position. The tension was too much to push her in from the head, meaning that she had to go inside the other way. Blake bundled Yang's legs together and placed them at the entry to Ruby's vaginal canal. Ruby was already pulling her lips apart, revealing the shocking extent to which the opening could stretch.

While it was a bizarre sight, it would make her job easier. Blade pressed the tips of Yang's toes into the hole and applied firm pressure to her midsection and chest. Ruby sucked in a brain as she felt her internal walls clench in a reverse contraction. Her entire body begged to be heavy with child. Blade's eyes bulged as she felt the immense strength behind the muscular undulations. She tried desperately to keep control of the situation – easing Yang in further and further.

Ruby could feel the tears flowing, "Oh. Ah! That hurts, that really hurts!"

"Hold your nerve, Ruby!" She was just saying that to reassure her. Blake was panicking. What kind of inhuman force was pulling Yang out of her hands? Ruby's slit stretched painfully as the widest part of Yang's chest sunk into her. Yang's body formed a large bulge that travelled upwards with each pained contraction.

"Aghhh! Yang! Ah! Please, please be safe!"

The pain was the worst she had ever felt. None of the injuries she suffered in battle against the Grimm could even come close to the reverse birth of her new daughter. Her body was being pushed and stretched to its very limits. Her muscles tore themselves to shreds, greedily swallowing up Yang and pressing her deeper into the already prepared womb. Blake watched on in awe as her head disappeared between the spread folds.

Yang's body was already being encompassed in a protective layer. The umbilical cord would continue to do its job until the time came for Yang to be reborn. Ruby's skin was slick with

sweat. She heaved in great breaths of air as the pain finally started to settle down again. The weight pressing her down into the bed made her hyper aware of where Yang was now residing. A giddy chill ran through her.

“Oh! I’m so happy that my little girl is with me again!” Ruby rubbed her hands up and down the rumbling bump. Blake wasn’t sure what she could say. She knew that this process would repeat itself all over again in a month’s time. She would have to deal with that when the time came. Ruby would have to look after herself until the time came to deliver.

Ruby relished every second of it. She even left the house a few times, receiving a lot of attention from strangers thanks to her new pregnant glow. Being pregnant was an amazing experience, and just as she had hoped, it forged an even closer protective instinct with Yang. Ruby spent every evening kicking her legs and gushing to herself about how fulfilling it was to protect Yang using her body. She was the guardian protecting Yang from the outside world, she was turning into a real mother.

Most days would be spent rambling around the house doing nothing in particular. The simple act of being pregnant was enough to excite Ruby. Dresses were tried, milk was drained and stored in the fridge for later, and aching ankles were worn with more pride than any of her war wounds. A small voice in the back of Ruby’s mind reminded her that this was only temporary – that soon they would be separated into two different beings once more. Ruby hoped that a small part of the love she felt for Yang in those moments would carry over into her new life. She sighed and stroked the taut skin. Yang kicked and prodded at the walls of her home.

“I’m going to miss you, Yang. It’s a shame that you can’t be a cute little baby for longer.” She wanted nothing more than to raise Yang properly, but Weiss’ medicine would rapidly age her back to her previous stature in due time.

Ruby gripped the bedsheets as she felt a familiar sensation. A contraction.

“Ah, ugh. Oh. That’s… that hurts.”

Yang may turn into an unruly adult, but that didn’t mean Ruby couldn’t be the best mommy possible until her intelligence returned. A plethora of motherly activities were already planned and prepared. Ruby was going to make the most of their time together. And who knew, perhaps Weiss would come forward for another medical trial for the pair…

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!